

Vpon agreement from vs to his liking,
Will vnder take to woo curst *Katharine*,
Yea, and to marrie her, if her dowrie please.

Gre. So said, so done, is well:

Hortensio, haue you told him all her faults?

Petr. I know she is an irkesome brawling scold:
If that be all Masters, I heare no harme.

Gre. No, sayst me so, friend? What Countreyman?

Petr. Borne in *Verona*, old *Batonios* sonne:

My father dead, my fortune lines for me,

And I do hope, good dayes and long, to see.

Gre. Oh sir, such a life with such a wife, were strange:

But if you haue a stomacke, too't a Gods name,

You shal haue me assisting you in all.

But will you woo this Wilde-cat?

Petr. Will I liue?

Gre. Will he woo her? I: or Ile hang her.

Petr. Why came I hither, but to that intent?

Thinke you, a little dinne can daunt mine eares?

Haue I not in my time heard Lions rore?

Haue I not heard the sea, puffed vp with windes,

Rage like an angry Boare, chafed with sweat?

Haue I not heard great Ordnance in the field?

And heauens Artillerie thunder in the skies?

Haue I not in a pitched battell heard

Loud larmes, neighing steeds, & trumpets clangue?

And do you tell me of a womans tongue?

That giues not halfe so great a blow to heare,

As wil a Chesse-nut in a Farmers fire.

Tush, tush, feare boyes with buges.

Gre. For he feares none.

Gre. *Hortensio* hearken:

This Gentleman is happily arri'd,

My minde presumes for his owne good, and yours.

Hor. I promise we would be Contributors,

And beare his charge of wooing whatsoere.

Gremio. And so we wil, provided that he win her.

Gre. I would I were as sure of a good dinner.

Enter Tranio braue, and Biondello.

Tra. Gentlemen God saue you. If I may be hold

Tell me I beseech you, which is the readiest way

To the house of Signior *Baptista Minola*?

Bion. He that ha's the two faire daughters: ist he you meane?

Tra. Euen he *Biondello*.

Gre. Hearke you sir, you meane not her to

Tra. Perhaps him and her sir, what haue you to do?

Petr. Not her that chides sir, at any hand I pray.

Tranio. I loue no chiders sir: *Biondello*, let's away.

Luc. Well begun *Tranio*.

Hor. Sir, a word ere you go:

Are you a sutor to the Maid you talke of, yea or no?

Tra. And if I be sir, is it any offence?

Gremio. No: if without more words you will get you hence.

Tra. Why sir, I pray are not the *Greens* as free

For me, as for you?

Gre. But so is not she.

Tra. For what reason I beseech you.

Gre. For this reason if you'll know,

That she's the choise loue of Signior *Gremio*.

Hor. That she's the chosen of signior *Hortensio*.

Tra. Softly my Masters: If you be Gentlemen

Do me this right: heare me with patience.

Baptista is a noble Gentleman,

To whom my Father is not all vnknowne,

And were his daughter fairer then she is,

She may more sutors haue, and me for one.

Faire *Ladaes* daughter had a thousand wooers,

Then well one more may faire *Bianca* haue;

And so she shall: *Lucentio* shal make one;

Though *Paris* came, in hope to speed alone.

Gre. What, this Gentleman will out-talke vs all.

Luc. Sir giue him head, I know hee'l proue a lade.

Petr. *Hortensio*, to what end are all these words?

Hor. Sir, let me be so bold as aske you,

Did you yet euer see *Baptistas* daughter?

Tra. No sir, but heare I do that he hath two:

The one, as famous for a scolding tongue,

As is the other, for beauteous modestie.

Petr. Sir, sir, the first's for me, let her go by.

Gre. Yea, leaue that labour to great *Hercules*,

And let it be more then *Alcides* twelue.

Petr. Sir vnderstand you this of me (insooth)

The yongest daughter whom you hearken for,

Her father keeps from all access of sutors,

And will not promise her to any man,

Vntill the elder sister first be wed.

The yonger then is free, and not before.

Tranio. If it be so sir, that you are the man

Must speed vs all, and me amongst the rest:

And if you breake the ice, and do this secke,

Atchieue the elder: set the yonger free,

For our access, whose hap shall be to haue her,

Will not so gracelesse be, to be ingrate.

Hor. Sir you say wel, and wel you do conceiue,

And since you do profess to be a sutor,

You must as we do, gratifie this Gentleman,

To whom we all rest generally beholding.

Tranio. Sir, I shal not be slacke, in signe whereof,

Please ye we may contriue this afternoone,

And quasse carowes to our Mistresse health,

And do as aduersaries do in law,

Striue mightily, but eate and drinke as friends.

Gre. *Bion.* Oh excellent motion: fellowes let's be gone.

Hor. The motions good indeed, and be it so,

Petruchio, I shal be your *Bees venia*.

To whom my Father is not all vnknowne,

And were his daughter fairer then she is,

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Enter Katharina and Bianca.

Bian. Good sister wrong me not, nor wrong your self,

To make a bondmaide and a slave of mee,

That I disdain: but for these other goods,

Vnbinde my hands, Ile pull them off my selfe,

Yea all my raiment, to my petticoate,

Or what you will command me, wil I do,

So well I know my dutie to my elders.

Kate. Of all thy sutors heere I charge tel

Whom thou lou'st best: see thou dissemble not.

Bianca. Beleeue me sister, of all the men aliue,

I neuer yet beheld that speciall face,

Which I could fancie, more then any other.

Kate. Minion thou lyest: Is't not *Hortensio*?

Bian. If you affect him sister, heere I swear

Ile pleade for you my selfe, but you shal haue him.

Kate. Oh then belike you fancie riches more,

You wil haue *Gremio* to keepe you faire.

Bian. Is it for him you do enuie me so?

Nay then you iest, and now I wel perceiue

You haue but iested with me all this while:

I prethee sister *Kate*, vntie my hands.

Ka. If that be iest, then all the rest was so.

Enter

Enter Baptista.

Bap. Why how now Dame, whence growes this insolence?

Bianca stand aside, poore gyrl she weepes:

Go ply thy Needle, meddle not with her.

For shame thou Hilding of a diuellish spirit,

Why dost thou wrong her, that did nere wrong thee?

When did she crosse thee with a bitter word?

Kate. Her silence flouts me, and Ile be reueng'd.

Bap. What in my sight? *Bianca* get thee in. *Exit.*

Kate. What will you not suffer me? Nay now I see

She is your treasure, she must haue a husband,

I must dance bare-foot on her wedding day,

And for your loue to her, leade Apes in hell.

Talk not to me, I will go sit and weepe,

Till I can finde occasion of reuenge.

Bap. Was euer Gentleman thus green'd as I?

But who comes heere.

Enter Gremio, Lucentio, in the habit of a meaner man,

Petruchio with Tranio with his boy

bearing a Lute and Bookes.

Gre. Good morrow neighbour *Baptista*.

Bap. Good morrow neighbour *Gremio*: God saue

you Gentlemen.

Petr. And you good sir: pray haue you not a daughter,

cal'd *Katerina*, faire and vertuous.

Bap. I haue a daughter sir, cal'd *Katerina*.

Gre. You are too blunt, go to it orderly.

Petr. You wrong me signior *Gremio*, giue me leaue:

I am a Gentleman of *Verona* sir,

That hearing of her beautie, and her wit,

Her affability and bashfull modestie:

Her wondrous qualities, and milde behauiour,

Am bold to shew my selfe a forward guest

Within your house, to make mine eye the witness

Of that report, which I so oft haue heard,

And for an entrance to my entertainment,

I do present you with a man of mine

Cunning in Musicke, and the Mathematickes,

To instruct her fully in those sciences,

Whereof I know she is not ignorant,

Accept of him, or else you do me wrong,

His name is *Luio*, borne in *Mantua*.

Bap. Yare welcome sir, and he for your good sake.

But for my daughter *Katerina*, this I know,

She is not for your turne, the more my greefe.

Petr. I see you do not meane to part with her,

Or else you like not of my companie.

Bap. Mistake me not, I speake but as I finde,

Whence are you sir? What may I call your name.

Petr. *Petruchio* is my name, *Antonio's* sonne,

A man well knowne throughout all Italy.

Bap. I know him well: you are welcome for his sake.

Gre. Sauiug your tale *Petruchio*, I pray let vs that are

poore petitioners speake too? *Bacare*, you are meruay-

lous forward.

Petr. Oh, Pardon me signior *Gremio*, I would faine be

doing.

Gre. I doubt it not sir. But you will curse

Your wooing neighbors: this is a guift

Very gratefull, I am sure of it, to expresse

The like kindeesse my selfe, that haue bene

More kindly beholding to you then any:

Freely giue vnto this yong Scholler, that hath
Beene long studying at *Rhemes*, as vnyning
In Greeke, Latine, and other Languages,
As the other in Musicke and Mathematickes:
His name is *Cambio*: pray accept his seruice.

Bap. A thousand thanks signior *Gremio*:

Welcome good *Cambio*. But gentle sir,

Me thinkes you walke like a stranger,

May I be so bold, to know the cause of your comming?

Tra. Pardon me sir, the boldnesse is mine owne,

That being a stranger in this Cittie heere,